

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 20, 1830

NO. 24.

To the Editor of the Morning Journal.

SIR:—The following lines are extracted from a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, published at Edinburgh in 1824, and reviewed in the 84th No. of the Edinburgh Review. The reviewer says that this work has furnished Scott with one of his most fantastical characters, and Byron with one of the most beautiful passages of his poetry. "The character of Fenella, in Peveril of the Peak, is borrowed almost entirely from the Mignon of Goethe—and the prelude to the Bride of Abydos, beginning, 'O know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle' is taken, with no improvement, from a little wild air which she sings. It is introduced here, too, with more propriety and effect than in the work of Byron; for she (Mignon) is represented as having been stolen from Italy, and the song, in this its original form, shadows out her desire to be restored to a delightful land, the stately halls of her ancestors—retracing her way by the wild passages of the Alps." Another, and, in my opinion, inferior, version of these lines published by you a few days ago, recalled this to memory, and has induced me to trouble you with this communication. Q.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom?
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?
Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither,
My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the house, with its turreted walls,
Where the chambers are glancing, and vast are the halls?

Where the figures of marble look on me so mild,
As if thinking: 'Why thus did they use thee poor child?'

Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither,
My guide and my guardian, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the mountain, its cloud-cloven'd arch,
Where the mules among mist o'er the wild torrent march?

In the clefts of it dragons lie coil'd with their brood,
The rent crag rushes down and above it the flood.
Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither,
Our way leadeth: Father! O come let us go!

HISTORICAL.

From the London Monthly Review.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

THIRD SERIES.—BY SIR W. SCOTT.

With these three admirable little volumes is concluded a series of *historiettes* from the deeply interesting annals of Scotland, which will long remain one of the most charming productions to be put into the hands of the young—one of the most agreeable for the mature and informed. A beautiful preface to the author's grandson—full of wisdom, yet adapted to the intelligence of childhood—introduces this portion of the work, which embraces the period from the Union to the year 1760 (including both the rebellions of 1715 and 1745), and a brief retrospective glance at the alterations which were caused by these events in Scotland, to about "fifty years ago." Like the previous series, this is replete with curious anecdote, and full of affecting stories.

We copy a small portion of the detail of the battle of Sheriffmuir.—"A gentleman named Mac Lean, who lived to a

great age, thus described the attack of his own tribe; and there can be no doubt that the general onset was made under similar circumstances. When his clan was drawn up in deep order, the best born, bravest, and best armed of the warriors in front, Sir John Mac Lean placed himself at their head, and said, with a loud voice, 'Gentlemen, this is the day we have long wished to see. Yonder stands Mac Callenmore for King George—here stands Mac Lean for King James. God bless Mac Lean and King James!—Charge gentlemen!' The clan then muttered a very brief prayer, fixed the bonnet firm on the head, stripped off their plaids, which then comprehended the fillibeg also, and rushed on the enemy, firing their fuses irregularly, then dropping them, and drawing their swords, and uniting in one wild yell, when they mingled among the bayonets. The regular troops on the left received this fierce onset of the mountaineers with a heavy fire, which did considerable execution. Among others who dropped was the gallant young chief of Clan Ranald, mortally wounded. His fall checked for an instant the impetuosity of his followers, when Glengary, so often mentioned started from the ranks, waved his bonnet around his head, exclaiming 'Revenge, revenge! to-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!' The Highlanders, resuming the fury of their attack, mingled with the regulars, forced their line in every direction, broke through them and dispersed them, making great slaughter among men less active than themselves, and loaded with an unwieldy musket, which in individual or irregular strife has ever been found a match for the broadsword. The extreme left of Argyle's army was thus routed with considerable slaughter, for the Highlanders gave no quarter.

"The body of the gallant young Earl of Strathmore was found on the field, watched by a faithful domestic, who, being asked the name of the person whose body he waited upon with so much care, made this striking reply, 'He was a man yesterday.'"

At the surrender of Preston—"On laying down their arms, the unhappy garrison were enclosed in one of the churches and treated with considerable rigour, being stripped and ill-used by the soldiery. About fourteen hundred men, of all sorts, were included in the surrender; amongst whom there were about two hundred domestic servants, followers of the gentlemen who had assumed arms—about three hundred gentlemen volunteers; the rest consisting of Brigadier Mac Intosh's command of Highlanders. Six of the prisoners were condemned to be shot by martial law, as holding commissions under the government against which they had borne arms. Lord Charles Murray obtained a reprieve with difficulty, through the interest of his friends. Little mercy was shewn to the misguided private men, whose sole offence was having complied with what was in their eyes a paramount duty—the obedience to their chiefs. Very many underwent the fate which made them so unwillingly to enter England, namely, that of banishment to the plantations in America. The prisoners of most

note were sent up to London, into which they were introduced into a kind of procession, which did less dishonor to the sufferers than to the mean minds who planned and enjoyed such an ignoble triumph. By way of balancing the influence of the Tory mob, whose violence in burning chapels, &c. had been of a formidable and highly criminal character, plans had been adopted by government to excite and maintain a rival spirit of tumult among such of the vulgar as were called, or called themselves, the Low Church party.

"Party factions often turn upon the most frivolous badges of distinction. As the Tories had affected a particular passion for ale, a national and truly English potation, their parliamentary associations taking the title of the October and the March Clubs,—so, in the spirit of opposition, the Whigs of the lower rank patronised beer (distinguished, according to Dr. Johnson, from ale, by being either older or smaller;) and mug-houses were established, held by landlords of orthodox Whig principles, where this protestant and revolutionary liquor was distributed in liberal quantities; and they speedily were thronged by a set of customers whose fists and sticks were as prompt to assault the admirers of High Church and Ormond, as the Tories were ready to defend them. It was for the gratification of the frequenters of these mug-houses, as they were called, that the entrance of the Preston prisoners into London was graced with the mock honors of a triumphal procession. The prisoners, most of them men of birth and education, were, on approaching the capital, all pinioned with cords like the vilest criminals. This ceremony they underwent at Barnet. At Highgate they were met by a large detachment of horse grenadiers and foot guards preceded by a body of citizens decently dressed, who shouted to give example to the mob. Halters were put upon the horses ridden by the prisoners, and each man's horse was led by a private soldier. Foster, a man of high family, and still member of parliament for Northumberland, was exposed in the same manner as the rest. A large mob of the patrons of the mug-houses attended on the occasion, beating upon warming-pans (in allusion to the vulgar account of the birth of the Chevalier de St. George;) and the prisoners, with all sort of scurrilous abuse and insult, were led through the streets of the city in the species of unworthy triumph, and deposited in the jails of Newgate, the Marshalsea, and other prisons in the metropolis. In consequence of this sudden increase of tenants, a most extraordinary change took place in the discipline of those melancholy abodes. When the High Church party in London began to recover the astonishment with which they had witnessed the suppression of the insurrection, they could not look back with much satisfaction on their own passive behaviour during the contest, if it could be called one,—and now endeavored to make up for it by liberally supplying the prisoners, whom they regarded as martyrs in their cause, with money and provisions, in which wine was not forgotten. The fair sex are always disposed to be compassionate, and certainly were

not less so in this case, where the objects of pity were many of them were gallant young cavaliers, sufferers in a cause which they had been taught to consider as sacred. The consequence was, that the prisoners overflowed with wine and good cheer, and the younger and more thoughtless part of the inmates turned to reveling and drowning in liquor, all more serious thoughts of their situation; so that even Lord Derwentwater himself said of his followers, that they were fitter inhabitants for Bridewell than a state prison.—Money, it is said, circulated so plentifully among them, that when it was difficult to obtain silver for a guinea in the streets, nothing was so easy as to find change, whether of gold or silver, in the jail. A handsome, high-spirited young Highland gentleman, whom the pamphlets of the day call Bottair, (one of the family of Butler in Athole,) made such an impression on the fair visitors who came to minister to the wants of the Jacobite captives, that some reputations were put in peril by the excess of their attentions to this favorite object of compassion. When such a golden harvest descends on a prison, the jailor generally secures to himself the largest share of it; and those prisoners who desired separate beds, or the slightest accommodation in point of lodging, had to purchase them at a rate which would have paid for many years the rent of the best houses in St. James's Square or Piccadilly. Dungeons, the names of which indicate their gloomy character, as the Lion's Den, the Middle Dark, and the like, were rented at the same extravagant prices, and were not only filled with prisoners, but abounded with good cheer. These riotous scenes went on the more gaily, that almost all had nursed a hope that their having surrendered at discretion, would be admitted as a protection for their lives. But when numerous bills of high treason were found against them, escape from prison began to be thought of, which the command of money, and the countenance of friends without doors, as well as the general structure of the jails, rendered more easy than could have been expected. Thus, on the 10th of April, 1716, Thomas Foster escaped from Newgate, by means of false keys, and, having all things prepared, got safely to France. On the 10th of May, Brigadier Mac Intosh, whom we have so often mentioned, with fourteen other gentlemen, chiefly Scottish, took an opportunity to escape in the following manner:—The Brigadier having found means to rid himself of his irons, and coming down stairs about eleven at night, he placed himself close by the door of the jail: and as it was opened to admit a servant at that time of night (no favorable example of prison discipline) he knocked down the jailor, and made his escape with his companions, some of whom were taken in the streets, from not knowing whither to fly. Among the fugitives who broke prison with Mac Intosh was Robert Hepburn of Keith, the same person in whose family befel the lamentable occurrence mentioned in the first volume. This gentleman had pinioned the arms of the turnkey by an effort of strength, and effected his escape into the open street without pursuit. But he was at a loss

whither to fly, or where to find a friendly place of refuge. His wife and family were, he knew, in London; but how, in that great city, was he to discover them, especially as they most probably were residing there under feigned names? While he was agitated by this uncertainty, and fearful of making the least inquiry, even had he known in what words to express it, he saw at a window in the street an ancient piece of plate, called the Keith Tankard, which had long belonged to his family. He immediately conceived that his wife and children must be the inhabitants of the lodgings—and entering, without asking questions, was received in their arms. They knew of his purpose of escape, and took lodgings as near the jail as they could, that they might afford him immediate refuge; but dared not give him any hint where they were, otherwise than by setting the well known flagon where it might by good fortune catch his eye. He escaped to France."

The story alluded to is as follows:—"Among other families of distinction in East Lothian, that of Mr. Hepburn of Keith was devotedly attached to the interests of the House of Stewart, and he determined to exert himself to the utmost in the approaching conflict. He had several sons, with whom, and his servants, he had determined to join a troop raised in East Lothian, and commanded by the Earl of Winton. This gentleman being much respected in the county, it was deemed of importance to prevent his showing an example which was likely to be generally followed. For this purpose, Mr. Hepburn of Humbles, and Dr. Sinclair of Hermandston, resolved to lay the Laird of Keith under arrest, and proceeded towards his house with a party of the horse-militia, on the morning of the 8th of October, 1715, which happened to be the very morning that Keith had appointed to set forth on his campaign, having made all preparations on the preceding evening. The family had assembled for the last time at the breakfast table, when it was observed that one of the young ladies looked more sad and disconsolate than even the departure of her father and brothers upon a distant and precarious expedition seemed to warrant at that period, when the fair sex were as enthusiastic in politics as the men. Miss Hepburn was easily induced to tell the cause of her fears. She had dreamed she saw her youngest brother, a youth of great hope, and generally esteemed, shot by a man whose features were impressed on her recollection, and stretched dead on the floor of the room in which they were now assembled. The females of the family listened and argued—the men laughed, and turned the visionary into ridicule. The horses were saddled, and led out into the court-yard, when a mounted party was discovered advancing along the flat ground, in front of the mansion-house, called the pluin of Keith. The gate was shut; and when Dr. Sinclair, who was the most active in the matter, had announced his purpose, and was asked for his warrant, he handed in at a window the commission of the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord Lieutenant of the county. This Keith returned with contempt, and announced that he would stand on his defence. The party within mounted their horses, and sallied out, determined to make their way; and Keith, discharging a pistol in the air, charged the Doctor sword in hand; the militia then fired, and the youngest of the Hepburns was killed on the spot. The sister beheld the catastrophe from the windows; and, to the end of her life, persisted that the homicide had the features of the person whom she saw in her dream. The corpse was carried into the room where they had so lately breakfasted; and Keith, after having paid this heavy tax to the

demon of civil war, rode off with the rest of his party to join the insurgents."

DINING WITH A PRINCE.

A black man, in Plymouth, Mass. well known by the name of Prince, used to be so much of a favorite with the gentlemen of the bar, and others who attended the courts in that ancient town, on account of his wit, pleasantry, and good humor, that they admitted him to greater familiarity than persons of color usually are with the whites. These gentlemen, who saw him often at the hotels, where on court occasions, he was employed as a waiter, were very fond of cracking jokes with him, and receiving his repartees with the greatest good humor.

One day they told him, in a bantering way, that they would go to his house and dine with him.—"Indeed," said Prince, "you do me too much honor, gemmen; nebertheless I shall be very happy to entertain you in de best manner my poor house will afford." "Make no excuse, Prince," replied they, "you know you are one of the Royal family, and your palace cannot be wanting in any thing appertaining to your rank." "Well gemmen," replied he, "since you are 'termined to honor yourselves by dining wid me, I hope you will 'low me leetle time to make preparation." "O, to be sure, take your own time, Prince, but do not let it be too long." "Bery well, gemmen, den I shall spec to see you in tree days from dis time, at two o'clock arternoon; dont forgit de hour."

To keep up the joke, they went precisely at the time appointed. Prince received them like a lord. "Take chairs, gemmen," said he, bowing, and handing them a parcel of three-legged stools. "Bery happy to see you gemmen—hope you will be pleased wid our preparations. Wife, fetch on de dishes. Gemmen, I hope you will 'acuse my want of servants to wait on de table, for raaly de blacks hab become so proud and sassy, dat dere's no gettin' one on 'em to put his hand to any ting in dis world; so you see I hab to make waiter ub my wife. Now gemmen, please seat yourselves at table."

The guests did as they were desired, and found, after these preliminaries, a single earthen platter, covered with a large wooden dish. The plates were also of wood.—"Dinah my love," said the master of the feast, "remove de covers. Ahem! Ahem! now gemmen, what will you pleased be helped to? I tink it proper to inform you in de first place, dat we hab nothing but taters; now wat will you hab? here's excellent taters, gemmen, raal blue noses—wat shall I help you to? first rate taters, boiled to suit all sorts o' palates; gemmen, hope you'll like 'em. Wat shall I help to? Misser Fiery Facius! would you like a tater rare done, arter de English mode, or will you hab him thoroughly cooked? Misser Gimcrank, wat will you please be helped to? shall I gib you nice tater from todder side de platter? 'low me if you please Misser Badpiece, wat will you please to hab? shall I help you to a fine one from de bottom ob de platter? here be one bery fine one indeed."

After helping his guests to all the varieties which his platter of potatoes afforded, he pressed them with right royal courtesy not to spare the viands. "Now, gemmen, take hold, I beg on you, and make no ceremony. Will any of you hab any ting out of de cast-er? Here's nothing but salt, gemmen," said he, displaying a small wooden cup, "Bery excellent salt, well pounded—you'll find it prime, 'ly upon it you will. Now gemmen, wat'll you take to drink? Dere's some likes one ting, and some anodder; if you hab any preference, say de word. We hab nothing but water—mose excellent water, gemmen. Misser Fiery-Facijs, shall I help you to some out of de cool side of de mug? Water hab a better flavor in a brown mug, dont you tink so, Misser Fiery Facius? Wat part of de mug shall I help you out of, Misser Grabem? Now do gemmen, make yourselves at home I pray you do."

The guests proceeded with their dinner with all commendable gravity, accepting the politeness of their host in the room of more substantial fare, and accounting that as the best part of the entertainment. As soon as they had despatched a potato a piece, along with Prince's compliments, he called to his wife, "Dinah, my dear, take away de gemmen's plates." She did so. "Dinah, my dear fetch some more plates." The same plates were brought back again. "Now gemmen, wat will you please to hab? Misser Parchment, 'low me to skin a tater for you. Shall I help you Misser Fiery Facius, to dis bery fine blue nose! you dont take any ting to drink, Misser Dry-Speech; 'fraid my liquors dont suit you. Would you prefer a little mulled water; or would you like some as cool as a cucumber from de north side of de mug? Wife remove de gemmen's plates; fetch on de nex course—and now, d'ye hear, some more plates."

The next course consisted, as the first and second had done, of nothing but potatoes; and the same plates were returned as before. But it is needless to describe the very genteel manner in which Prince likewise did the honors of his course, because it did not vary materially from the others, all the difference consisting in some slight variation of speech by which these honors were performed.

The plates were removed for the third time. "Now, Dinah, my love," said Prince, "fetch on de dessert." A new lot of potatoes, about the size of bullets, was set on, and the old service of wooden plates brought back again.—"Gemmen," said Prince, "our desssert is quite a plain one, being nothing more nor less dan a few fruits—berly delicate ones indeed—charmin taters—I tink you cannot but like 'em gemmen."

The dessert was also finished, and Prince, rising with incomparable dignity, addressed his guests, "gemmen, one and all of you, since you hab done yourselves de honor to dine wid me, 'low me to gib you a toas:

"Here's hopin gemmen of de Bar may always live like Prince, and nebbber want a tater in deir pockets."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted the lawyers; and so ended the dinner of Prince and his friends. The latter, we believe, did not invite themselves a second time to his table. But they had many a hearty laugh afterwards in recounting the genteel manner and the Princely dignity with which he did the honors of the table. And perhaps no person is better qualified to caricature the empty forms and ceremonies of high life, than one of your Africans who has seen something of the world.

Note.—There was an old negro man of the name of Prince, who was formerly a slave of the Goodwin family. The latter part of his life he lived at New Guinea, within the precincts of this town, and died about a dozen years ago. But he was a stupid negro.—The above story answers to the character of Quashi, though a part of it is lost by the change of name. It is probably framed with poetic license. Quashi was a slave in the Le Baron family, and died at New Guinea, about twenty years since at about eighty years of age. He was imported from Africa, young, but never taught letters. He was famed for natural humor, always set off with great aptness from a remarkable sagacity in discerning the peculiarities and prevalent feelings of all he fell in with. Judge Paine of the Supreme Court, used to relish highly an interview with Quashi. He was always thrown into a broad laugh, while Quashi's phiz remained as composed and grave as the bench. "Well, Quashi," meeting him in the street, "is the devil dead yet?" "No Sir, but de gentlemen of de bar say he be in Pain." The effect on the Judge was electrical.—Quashi's master was a pious man, and it was generally a point of conscience in New England masters to send the slaves to meeting and have them present in the family devotions. "Quashi," said his master one day, "you have heard the Bible read night and morning for a long time, what do you know

about it? Can you tell why the Jews rejected our Saviour?" He answered in a moment in his broken English—"Yes, massa, because he no come in gold lace hat, and sword by his side." It would have puzzled any learned Doctor of the day to have expressed the grounds of our Saviour's rejection with more perspicuous brevity.—*Memorial.*

THE LAWYER'S PATRON.—St. Evona, a lawyer of Britain, went to Rome to entreat the Pope to give the lawyers of that country a PATRON, to which the Pope replied, that he knew of no Saint, but what was disposed of to other PROFESSIONS. At this Evona was very sad, and earnestly begged the Pope to think of them. At last his holiness proposed to St. Evona that he should go round the church of San Gio vanni di Lateranna BLIND-FOLD, and after he had said a certain number of Ave Marias, that the first Saint he should lay hold of should be his patron. This the good old lawyer willingly undertook, and at the end of his Ave Marias, stopped at St. Michael's altar, where he laid hold of the DEVIL, under St. Michael's feet, and cried out, "this is our SAINT, let him be our PATRON." Being unblinded, and seeing what a patron he had chosen, he went to his lodgings so dejected, that after a few months he died.

From the Boston Centinel.

SELECTIONS FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.

A tax on hemp has been proposed—

By convicts in the county prison—
Strange facts have lately been disclosed—
From which we learn that pork has risen.

A black was taken Friday last—

Stealing Sir Francis Bacon's phrases—
Within a single twelvemonth past—
A coach and seven handsome chaises.

She was a stale and starch old maid—

The prettiest ever man set eyes on—
So very killing it was said—
Three worthy butchers died by poison.

Two hundred casks of shingle nails—

Were brought last autumn to the hammer—
The secretary, say the mails—
Is publishing a work on grammar.

A farce is acting at the South—

In the Virginia Convention—
A lady with the sweetest mouth—
Said things too scandalous to mention.

The razors made by Smith and Son—

Are said to be extremely cutting—
A steady man of twenty-one—
Would like to get a place for strutting.

The sermon preached on Sunday night—

Has been accused of taking purses—
Missing, a puppy nearly white—
Addicted much to writing verses.

A subterranean arch was found—

By men at work upon the steeple—
There now are lying in the pound—
Great numbers of the starving people.

A maid too false, and yet too fair—

Was roundly whipped for picking pockets—
Just landed, thirty bales of hair—
Much used for bracelets and for lockets.

A fellow has been seen of late—

Extremely regular at meeting—
And Turkey in its present state—
Is very pleasant, wholesome eating.

People who do not make their wills—

Require a copious ablution—
The celebrated bilious pills—
Have done tremendous execution.

MODERN STATESMEN.

All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up, (God bless us!) statesmen all at once!

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

MY FIRST COMMUNICATION.

THERE is no one thing, perhaps, so capable of raising a young aspirant's expectation, as his first communication—I mean the interval between writing it, and its appearance in print.

At the age of eighteen, like many of my classmates, I determined on writing an Essay for publication. The subject was—but no matter what, suffice it to say, it was an Essay; and the first ESSAY I had ever made into the wide field of literature. After two evenings of hard labor, I finally brought it to a close, having succeeded in making it fill nearly two pages of a foolscap sheet. Never did a modern novel writer view his just published work of two volumes with more sincere pleasure and satisfaction, than I did this, my FIRST attempt at composition! My books were neglected, and nothing was thought of but my communication. I read it over, again and again, and each time arose from its perusal with renewed confidence in my abilities. At length, when I had fully satisfied myself that it would not be rejected, I copied it for the purpose of sending it to a country printer, who was a man of no uncommon talents, and one too, who thought "original matter" of any kind whatever, was the life and soul of a newspaper. Before sending it, however, I concluded to impart the secret to my friend Tom Harley, and ask his opinion on its merits. When he had finished reading it, during which process I could frequently observe a good-humored smile across his countenance, he said, "well Bob, this is pretty well done; it only wants a little PRACTICE to make you PERFECT; but look here! this is bad grammar! and here, too, you have not spelled right!" and he forthwith proceeded to mark the imperfect parts. Although this somewhat damped my ambition, yet I resolved on recopying and sending it without further information. When I had finished, I carefully placed it in my hat, and wended my way towards the post office, little suspecting the laugh my classmates were enjoying at my expense.

After I had deposited the better half of my brain in the post office, I returned to my room. My companions were all sitting around the fire, cracking jokes and telling long stories, and from the loud bursts of merriment which greeted my ear as I passed through the entry, I fancied I should have a glorious harvest of fun. But I was disappointed; for I had no sooner entered the room, than a "hem! hem!" from my friend Tom, silenced the company. The truth struck me at once, that he had let the secret out, for I observed several of them exchange knowing winks, as much as to say, "Mum's the word!" or something to that purpose. I must confess feeling a little chagrined at their conduct, but said nothing, and left the room as soon as possible, to hide my confusion.

In a few days the paper came, and you cannot imagine the eagerness with which I seized it, and glanced over its contents; but I could see no piece signed "—." I next looked at the "notices to correspondents." Still I was unsuccessful, for nothing was there except, "Orion shall be attended to in due season."—"Dashall in our next."—"We should be glad to hear again from A Citizen," &c. But what did I care for that? It was

nothing to the purpose. This one circumstance, instead of curing the fever, only fanned it into a flame, for I now thought I knew more than all the Editors in Christendom. I deemed it an insult to pass over ME, while every body else received a favorable notice, and resolved never again to look at his paper.

The next day did not change my mind; for my companions had also seen the paper, and were disposed to tamper with my disappointment, one of them going so far as to call me "our young author." My friend Tom endeavored to convince me that the printer had not received the letter, or if he had, he could not have had time to read it; but I was in the wrong humor to be convinced, and therefore quarrelled with him for his advice, and his exposing me to the railery of our companions. Now I received a full shower of their sarcasm; for Tom had represented the communication as the most ridiculous piece of nonsense he had ever read; in fact, that there was no sense in it. But I cared not for them, and felt that I knew more than all of them together!

Thus passed a week, during which time I wrote several communications, but burnt them immediately, under the impression that if the printer got them in his possession, he would derive great benefit from their publication! The paper came again, but I did not touch it. Suddenly the conduct of my classmates changed towards me. Their mirth and railery was thrown aside, and gave place to a shyness bordering on jealousy. For some time I could not account for this change; but at length, calling to mind the possibility of Harley's remarks, I thought the printer might not have received it in time for publication in his last, and had therefore laid it by for his next. The paper was before me—it had been laying there for hours. I thought I might condescend to look at it—there could be no harm in just glancing into it—I did so—and lo! the leading article was "MY FIRST COMMUNICATION." A. G. M.

FOR THE ARIEL.

EPITAPHS.

Mr. Editor.—As you seem fond of a good Epitaph, will you accept a few from my collection. I look upon a good thing in this way as equal to the best epigram; and in fact, many epitaphs are epigrams concealed under another name. E. P. J.

EPITAPH ON ONE WHO OCCASIONALLY PERFORMED THE BUSINESS OF A TAYLOR AND BARBER. In a timber surtout, here are wrapped the remains

Of a mower of beards and a user of skeins; 'Twas the shears of grim Death cut his stay-tape of life, And sever'd him far from twist, razors, and wife; But the prayer of people he sew'd for or shav'd, Is, that he's with the remnant of those that are saved.

ON TWIN SISTERS BURIED TOGETHER.

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death drew tears from every eye.
In stature, beauty, years and fame,
Together as they grew they shone,
So much alike, so much the same,
Death quite mistook them both for one.

ON JOHN SULLEN.

Here lies John Sullen, and it is God's will,
He that was Sullen shall be Sullen still.
He still is Sullen; if the truth ye seek,
Knock until doomsday, Sullen will not speak.

ON MR. MILES.

This tombstone is a milestone—Hah! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles—who's miles below;

A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
But now stretch'd out, at least miles long he lies.
His grave tho' small, contains a space so wide,
It has Miles in breadth, and Miles in length beside.

ON JOHN SHORE.

Here lies John Shore;
I say no more;
Who was alive
In sixty-five.

WHIMSICAL EPITAPH.

A Mr. Dickson, long since a Provost of Dundee, by will left the sum of one guinea to a person to compose an Epitaph for him, which sum he directed his three executors to pay. They thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea among themselves, each contributing a line. The first wrote—

Here lies Dickson, Provost of Dundee,

The second—

Here lies Dickson, here lies he;

The third was embarrassed for a long time, but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, vociferously bawled—

Hallelujah! Hallelujee!

☞ This puts the Editor in mind of the singularly ludicrous nasal twang with which the clerk of a country church called out the verse to the congregation, when he happened to be present.—We can of course give nothing but his pronunciation—

"Wretched mortals, heedless fly
From vanitee to vaniti!"

"DON'T BREAK IT JOE-E,"—Said the fond mother, as she gave the darling boy the looking-glass. Little Joe-e, as his mother called him, notwithstanding he had toys enough to satisfy any reasonable child, one day took it into his head that he should be quite happy if he could have the looking-glass added to the number. "The looking-glass," said his mother, "why, child, who ever heard of such a thing?" Joe-e straight way began to be importunate, "Ma, ma, I want the glass; give me the glass." "Poh, poh," said his mother, "do you think I am going to give you the looking-glass to play with? You would break it, and cut your fingers with it, and then we should have to send for the doctor!" "I shant break it; I wont cut my fingers; let me have it," and then he laid hold of his mother's gown in good earnest. After being dragged across the room a few times, Joe-e began to cry; and his mother's patience being quite exhausted, she took him off saying "Joe you shan't have the looking-glass there! now go about your business." This would have been a death blow to Joe's hopes, if he had not endured such trials before, and come off conqueror. He was not therefore disheartened. He laid himself therefore right down upon the floor, and began to roar as if he would raise the neighbors.

Hereupon his mother's wrath was kindled; she called Joe a naughty boy, and threatened to tell his father of him and he would take a stick to him, and shut him up in the dark hole. At this Joe took a pitch one note higher (as we musicians say,) and trilled away a most lamentable solo. His mother who had no ear for music, became alarmed. She feared he would burst a blood-vessel, or die with rage, and just at this moment sundry stories of such accidents flitted across her mind with fearful reality. Joe's lungs held out wonderfully, and after every BAR's rest, he raised his voice a SEMI-TONE, until he screamed terrific in the SPACE above. What was to be done! Half crazy with noise and apprehension, she attempted to pacify little Joe-e, by offering him the pincushion, the story book, the little tea-set,—but all would not do—his heart was set on the looking-glass, and he would cry his eyes out if he could not have it. At last his afflicted mother yielded. She took down the looking-glass and gave it to him saying, "THERE, I declare you are the BEAT-ALL—take it an' you will, but dont break it Joe-e."

Now the reader may be curious to know what became of Joe-e and the looking-glass. It is no matter—I suppose he broke it and cut his fingers into the bargain; but I wish to turn his attention to the mother rather than to the child. In the first place, she was faulty in endeavoring to terrify him by the doctor and the DARK HOLE—and in the third place, she was WICKED in telling him a downright falsehood. Many mothers, and fathers too, who would not tell a lie for their right hands, are guilty of such conduct almost every day, in their intercourse with their children.—No wonder that so many children grow up to lie and steal, and go to the house of correction and the state prison.

Mothers be firm. Be jealous of the new doctrine, that the rod is unnecessary. If Solomon's maxim was true once, it is true now. Our race is not so much improved, our children (little cherubs as we call them) are not such angelic creatures—the spirit of selfishness and insubordination is in them still. If you would make your children good children, keep them in subjection; if you wish them to be honest men and virtuous women, do not teach them to lie; if you would save the nation, do not give them LOOKING-GLASSES TO PLAY WITH.

SLANDERERS.—It is no breach of charity to look upon the propagators of slander in the same light as the inventors of it. If it be true, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," (and who will deny it?) then does not the *propagation* of scandalous tales imply a vicious mind? Talk of the vileness of the incendiary who sets fire to your dwelling! Is he to be put upon a lower level than he who by his falsehoods prostrates the fair fame of the virtuous, and destroys the reputation of whole families? What palliation is it for a slanderer to say that as he heard the tale so he related it? How much would it lessen the turpitude of an incendiary, upon being detected in applying the fire-brand to your dwelling, for him to say that he "procured it from another;" or to say that he "was merely using it in sport?"

SONNET.

ON SEEING A VESSEL WEIGH ANCHOR FOR A LONG VOYAGE.

Stately yon vessel sails adown the tide!
To some far distant land adventurous bound,
The sailors' busy cries from side to side
Pealing among the echoing rocks rebound;
A patient, thoughtless, much enduring band,
Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
With shouts exulting leave their native land,
And know no care beyond the present day.
But is there no poor mourner left behind,
Who sorrows for a child or husband there?
Who at the howling of the midnight wind
Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer?
So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind
Go, gallant ship, and be thy fortune fair!

THE SON OF A SOLDIER.

(Oh mother! dear mother! I cannot remain;
I've heard the war-summons again and again;
They'll deem me a coward—then, dear as thou art,
I cannot stay with thee—'tis right we should part,
My comrades are marching—I dare not delay—
The son of a soldier the call must obey.

His name I inherit, so famed in the field;
Be it just then, and give me his helmet and shield;
Oh give me his banner! shake from it the dust;
Oh give me his broadsword! wipe from it the rust;
Oh give me his steed—let me mount and away!
The son of a soldier the call must obey.

EPITAPH ON A PUNSTER.

Here, underneath this clod of clay,
A punster lies, yelped Tom Day.
He cracked a pun at every breath,
And e'en in punning died the death:
For when the parson, by his bed,
To cheer his fleeting spirit, said,
I hope your prospects, friend, are bright,
To mount to worlds of living light—
Tom barely mustered strength to say,
Where'er I am, there will be Day.

MISCELLANY.

CONSTANCY.—A FABLE.

In the ancient times when flowers, and trees, and fairies were on speaking terms, and all friendly together, one fine summer's day, the sun shone out on a beautiful garden, where there were all sorts of flowers that you could mention, and a lovely and giddy fairy went sporting about from one to the other (although no one could see her, because of the sunlight) as gay as the morning lark; then says the fairy to the rose—"rose, if the sun was clouded, and the storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Do you doubt me?" says the rose, and reddening up with anger. "Lily," says the fairy to another love, "if the sun was clouded and a storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Oh! do you think I could change?" says the lily, and she grew still paler with sorrow. "Tulip," said the fairy, "if the sun was clouded, and a storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Upon my word," said the tulip, making a very gentlemanlike bow, "ye're the very first lady that ever doubted my constancy;" so the fairy sported on, joyful to think of her kind and blooming friends. She revelled away for a time, and then she thought on the pale blue violet, that was almost covered with its broad green leaves; and although it was an old comrade, she might have forgotten it, had it not been for the sweet scent that came up from the modest flower. "Oh, violet!" said the fairy, "if the sun was clouded, and a storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" And the violet made an answer—"Ye have known me long, sweet fairy, and in the first spring time, when there were few other flowers, ye used to shield yourself from the cold blast under my leaves; now ye've almost forgotten me—but let it pass—try my truth, if ever you should meet misfortune—but I say nothing." Well, the fairy skitted at that, and clapped her silvery wings, and whisked singing off, on a sun beam; but she was hardly gone, when a black cloud grew up out of the north, all in a minute, and the light was shrouded, and the rain fell in slashings like hail, and away flies the fairy to her friend the rose—"Now rose," says she, "the rain is come, so shelter and love me still." "I can hardly shelter my own buds," says the rose; "but the lily has a deep cup." Well, the poor little fairy's wings were almost wet, but she got to the lily. "Lily," says she, "the storm has come, so shelter and love me still." "I am sorry," says the lily, "but if I were to open my cup, the rain would beat in, and my seed would be spoiled—the tulip has long leaves." Well the fairy was down-hearted enough, but she went to the tulip, whom she always thought a most sweet spoken gentleman. He certainly did not look as bright as he had done in the sun, but she waved her little wand, and said, "Tulip," says she, "the rain and storm are come, and I am very weary, but you will shelter and love me still?" "Begone," says the tulip, "be off," says he; "a pretty pickle I should be in, if I let every wandering scampener come about me." Well, by this time she was very tired, and her wings hung dripping at her back, wet indeed—but there was no help for it, and leaning on her pretty silver wand, she limped off to the violet; and the darling little flower, with its blue eye, that's as clear as a kitten's, saw her coming, and never a word she spoke, but opened her broad green leaves, and took the wild wandering creature to her bosom, and dried her wings, and breathed the sweetest perfumes over her, and sheltered her until the storm was gone. Then the humble violet spoke, and said—"Fairy queen, it is bad to flirt with

many, for the love of one true heart is is enough for earthly woman or fairy spirit; the old love is better than the gay compliments of a world of flowers, for it will last when the others pass." And the fairy knew that it was true for the blue violet; and she contented herself ever after, and built her downy bower under the wide-spreading violet leaves, that sheltered her from the rude winter's wind and the hot summer's sun, and to this very day the fairies love the violet beds.

From Poulson's Daily Advertiser.

WASHINGTON GRAYS' CELEBRATION, FEB. 22D.

It will be recollected that some months ago the corps of Washington Grays resolved to present a piece of silver plate to Mr. Alfred Bennett of the corps of Philadelphia Grays, as a testimonial of their high sense of his meritorious conduct in rescuing a member of the former company, who was in danger of drowning at the celebration of the opening of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.

The Committee appointed for this purpose procured an Etruscan Vase, executed by Mr. Thomas Fletcher, bearing the following emblems and inscriptions.

On one side encircled by an Oak Wreath, is the inscription "pro Cive Servato"—and above it is a chased tablet, representing the scene of the occurrence—the Canal, Toll House and Lock, at St. George's—the several canal boats, and their positions at the time—and on the other side are the following words:

"TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE."

The
"WASHINGTON GRAYS,
To
ALFRED BENNETT,
Of the
PHILADELPHIA GRAYS."

"At the imminent peril of his life, he rescued a member of the Corps from drowning, in the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, Sept. 19th, 1829."

The whole is surmounted by a lid bearing a piece of field ordnance, emblematic of the Corps.

After the customary parade of the day, the Washington Grays and the Northern Liberty Volunteers were drawn up in the Hall of Independence, to witness the presentation of the testimonial to Mr. Bennett.

Captain Childs addressed him in the following words:

Mr. ALFRED BENNETT.—In presenting to you, this token of grateful respect from the Corps of Washington Grays, I feel unable fully to express the feelings with which your gallant conduct on the late painful occasion was viewed, and with which its memory will be cherished by us all.

Let these emblems and these inscriptions speak for me.—They record an action infinitely more honorable than mere military exploit; they encircle your brows with that civic crown, for which the proudest conqueror might exchange his laurel, and profit by the exchange.

Let them operate moreover, as a constant incentive to further exertions in the path of honor, upon which you have so early and so nobly entered, and which we trust will conduct you to that enviable height in the estimation of your country, which in ours, you have already achieved.

To which Mr. Bennett replied:

Capt. CHILDS.—With a heart overflowing with gratitude, I receive from your hands, this flattering testimonial of the approbation which you, sir, and the members of the corps you command were pleased to view my conduct on the occasion to which you allude. I accept it as a lasting monument of your generosity as soldiers, and a sure token of your high esteem for the more peaceful virtues as citizens; renouncing all claim on my part to reward for a simple act of duty, such as it was recently my happy lot to perform. Believe me, gentlemen, to have been the humble in-

strument of saving the life of a fellow soldier, is itself a reward more than adequate to the exertion. I assure you, it will ever be my greatest glory and happiness, to follow in the path you have so luminously traced out; and with such an incentive as your esteem, so generously manifested, I feel that I cannot fail to lend my poor exertions—cheerfully to bestow even my life, whenever my country or the cause of humanity shall require it.

In the evening, the Washington Grays sat down to a splendid supper, prepared by Mr. Head, at the Mansion House Hotel—to which Mr. Bennett was invited. Harmony, good humor, and the whole circle of friendly and social feelings were present also, and the party retired at an early hour, delighted as well with the business, as with the amusement of the day.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.—The following fact is mentioned in the memoirs of an officer, who served in the East Indies between 1802 and 1814. In relating the circumstances attending the execution of some mutineers at Vellore, who were blown from the muzzles of cannons, he observed that it was a "curious fact, and well attested by many persons present, that a number of kites (a bird of prey very common to India,) actually accompanied the melancholy party in their progress to the place of execution, as if they knew what was going on; and then kept hovering over the guns from which the culprits were to be blown away, flapping their wings, and shrieking as if in anticipation of their bloody feast, till the fatal flash, which scattered the fragments of bodies in the air; when, pouncing on their prey, they positively caught in their talons many pieces of the quivering flesh, before they reached the ground. At sight of this, the native troops, employed on this duty, together with a crowd, which had assembled to witness the execution, set up a yell of horror."

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

"Let me observe, that the eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatsoever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurens, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans, all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy, for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright, as to produce envy in my bosom? No, Sir—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, Sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state, or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue in any son of the South,—and if moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the title of a hair from his just character and just

fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkindly feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is,—behold her, and judge for yourselves.—There is her history, the world knows it by heart. The past is at least secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, Sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of his manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and dissension shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin."

WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE WERE NEW.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

We met when life and hope were new,
When all we looked on smiled;
And Fancy's wand around us threw
Enchantments—sweet as wild!
Ours were the light and bounding hearts
The world had yet to wring;
The bloom—that when it once departs,
Can know no second spring!

What though our love was never told—
Or breathed in sighs alone;
By signs that would not be controlled,
Its growing strength was shown:
The touch that thrilled us with delight,
The glance—by art untam'd;
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
That tender truth proclaimed!

We parted, chilling looks among;
My inmost soul was bowed;
And blessings died upon my tongue,
I dared not breathe aloud:
A pensive smile, serene and bland,
One thrilling glance—how vain!
A pressure of thy yielding hand;
We never met again!

Yet still a spell was in thy name,
Of magic power to me,
That bade me strive for wealth and fame,
To make me worthy thee!
And long thro' many an after year,
When boyhood's dream had flown,
With nothing left to hope or fear,
I loved, in silence, on!

More sacred ties at length are ours,
As dear as those of yore;
And later joys, like autumn flowers,
Have bloomed for us once more!
But never canst thou be again
What once thou wert to me;
I glory in another's chain—
And thou'rt no longer free.

The stream of life glides calmly on,
(A prosperous lot is thine,)
The brighter, that it did not join
The turbid waves of mine!
Yet oh! could fondest love relume
Joy's sunshine on my brow,
Thine scarce can be a happier doom
Than I might boast of now!

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 20.

Vicissitudes in the life of a maid-of-all-work.—There is one aspect of "Life in Philadelphia," which a close observer of manners and customs should not pass over without a short notice; it is the condition of female servants, or "helps" as they are now called. Their poverty, and frequently ignorance, consigning them to a humble station in the families of the more wealthy, and their unceasing and never-ending exertions to do the work of their employer, would seem to give them some claim upon those whom they have benefitted and made comfortable, beyond the mere pittance of wages which they receive. But such is not generally the case, and when disease or old age overtakes them, they are frequently turned out of doors with as little ceremony as an old horse. A Christian people, zealous for the conversion of the Hindoos, might, one would suppose, expend some little of their sympathy upon beings with whom they are in constant intercourse, or extend the helping hand of charity to the individuals whose wants, both of a spiritual and temporal nature, they daily witness.

Our attention has lately been called to this subject, from hearing related the story of a woman of this class, which we believe is not more singular than thousands now toiling through this blessed world, the slaves of brutal housekeepers, and the victims of oppression.—Mary T.—is the daughter of poor, but honest parents, and was early placed in the family of a pious lady, where she acquired the rudiments of learning, and imbibed principles of religion which have been the solace of many a weary hour; but her mistress dying before she had attained the age of eighteen, she entered the house of Mrs. — who took boarders, and had a number of small children; here she was expected to do the work of the family; and for the information of the unenlightened, we shall sketch an outline of one of her days of amusement in this house, in order to give some idea of the kind of life maids-of-all-work sometimes lead—possibly it may tend in this age of societies, to the formation of an association to protect the rights of the oppressed. The second story lodger was an old bedridden gouty gentleman, whose bell was constantly on the ring; five other lodgers with the children, constituted the quota whom she was to make comfortable.

Got up at five—made the kitchen fire—ground the coffee, and set the tea-kettle on—dressed the brats—swept the parlour—made the fire—answered the chamber bells for water to wash and water to shave—took milk from the milk-woman and bread from the baker—split wood—children squalled—mistress rung and scolded for not keeping them quiet—gave children breakfast—dressed them and run off with the youngest to school—hurried back—cut the bread and toasted it—cleared the coffee—set the table—brought up breakfast and waited on the same—carried up gouty boarder's chocolate—cleared table—swallowed half a cup of coffee cold, when mistress rang to go to market—huddled on coat—picked up two baskets and the butter kettle and waded home under a load fit only for a porter—cleared up—made six beds—cleaned the steps—got ready for dinner—put down meat and dusted the parlours—cooked some broth for gouty patient—swept out area and dusted the nursery—fetched the young brat from school—gave brats their dinner washed their hands and faces—swept the kitchen and scoured the pantry—set table—served dinner and waited on gouty boarder—cleared up and got tea—put brats to bed—answered door fifteen times—needle work five minutes—fell asleep over the kitchen coals, and waked up in hurry, to let in a boarder returned from Theatre at 12 o'clock.—This, gentle reader, is no exaggerated picture of what is daily passing in this city, where societies exist for the melioration of most kinds of trouble—one to look into the abuses of prisons—but none to see whether poor orphan children are oppressed—it is enough for the benevolent if they hear that they have got a place. At this house Mary, as might have been expected from the over exertion she used, got sick and was sent to the alms house to recover.—Mrs. — had no accommodation for her, and was obliged to supply her

place as soon as possible. At the alms house she was treated much after the fashion of other paupers, and when recovered, had to seek her fortune again. After much difficulty, and running about town, another place of servitude was found, in which she could have lived happily, had not some scandalous story gone abroad respecting the mistress—the story, by the false swearing of the author, was traced to Mary—she was turned out of doors, sued and imprisoned, and after some months of confinement, emerged again into the world with an unsullied character, but without money. She passed successively through about a dozen other families, sometimes treated like a dog, and sometimes without sufficient food—she was cook at a hotel—waiter at a bath house—lady's maid to an actress, and maid-of-all-work again in sundry places, where she never got a cent of her wages. Mary is now sick, and with a good character for honesty from a dozen ladies, has not where to lay her head; she is therefore again in the alms house, where she hears nothing from those she has nursed in sickness, or those whose children she has watched while they were enjoying themselves at a party or a play. Her changes of situation were the results of other causes than her faults, and the picture of her life is not very dissimilar from that of thousands now alive. We could draw various conclusions from such histories, but the one which we wish to impress upon the public is, to cultivate a little more Christian feeling for the poor and oppressed at home before you send charity money to a distance; to have a Christian feeling for the feelings of others, and to think of the slaves of our own city, while we extend a helping hand to those abroad. It is a fact that servants in many families do more work, and harder work, than galley slaves, and one reason why there are so many poor ones, is, they are not treated with common decency, and learn to be selfish and proud from those who call themselves their betters.

It is so frequently the case that women who pass for ladies overwork and ill treat their servants, that it has become a practice to reciprocate the custom of asking characters; thus some housekeepers characters are so bad they are unable to procure help. We are quite of the opinion that if servants would form a society to give premiums to those ladies who should make the best mistresses, a great benefit would be the result—they should club together immediately, and have a register of every family that makes it a practice not to pay wages, or where those who minister so materially to the comfort of families, are themselves considered of less consequence than the furniture—our word for it, there would be soon better servants and better mistresses, and the sooner the thing is done the better for all concerned.

Memorial of the Burlington Ladies.—Burlington is a spirited little city, particularly when the ladies find any thing for their hands to do. The following memorial from the said ladies, with 355 signatures, has been forwarded to Washington; and truly we think the gallantry of the members of congress will be put to a severe test. It is one of the excuses of the ladies stepping forward in this career of what they deem a duty, that there are very few, if any, men in the place, and there was great cause to fear the state of New Jersey would not otherwise raise her voice in behalf of the oppressed natives. Notwithstanding the contrariety of sentiment expressed on the subject, we must say, we give the memorial its credit for their spirit, and thank them for setting the men so good an example of laconic expression, which enables us to copy their manifesto into our paper.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.

The Memorial of the Subscribers, Inhabitants of the City and vicinity of Burlington, in the state of New Jersey,

Respectfully Represents,

That although unused to interfere in the concerns of the public, and hoping that circumstances may seldom occur, requiring or authorising the expression of their sentiments to the representatives of the people, yet, being endowed with a capacity to discern good from evil, and right from wrong, as reflecting and accountable beings, they deem it no departure from the reserve and deco-

rum befitting their sex, briefly, and unassumingly to make known their opinion of measures fraught as they believe with injustice and oppression to an already wasted and suffering portion of the human race.—They allude to the attempts which have been made, and are still persisted in, to dispossess the Indians, particularly those residing within the limits of some of the southern states, of their lands; and to banish a comparatively enlightened people, from homes endeared to them by the recollections of infancy, from fields where repose the bones of their Fathers, to a new and dreary wilderness; and in all probability, to the darkness and barbarity of savage life—the sufferings and privations of which, it is well known, fall with peculiar severity on the feeble sex.—From information received, it is believed that these Indians have made no little progress in civilization and the knowledge of the useful arts, and their further advancement, therefore, if suffered to remain unmolested in their present situation may be reasonably hoped; more especially their advancement in that all important knowledge, the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in comparison with which all other is but the dust of the balance. To those who consider all men as brethren, who believe that of one blood God hath created all nations that dwell on the face of the earth, and that all are alike objects of redeeming love, the desolation of this cheering prospect, the extinction of this consoling hope, and the probable extermination of a hapless branch of the human family will be a source of deep regret.

Your Memorialists are not disposed to occupy unnecessarily the time and attention of the Legislature, they are aware that this subject has been long before the public, and is familiar to most; but believing that the public faith has been pledged to ensure to those Indians the peaceable possession of lands which they have held from time immemorial, and the National honor engaged to protect them in the enjoyment of their rights—They will only observe, that dear to their hearts is unbroken faith, and unsullied honor, and they earnestly hope that no measure may be adopted or permitted, likely to tarnish the national character—that righteousness only can truly exalt a Nation, and that sin will not only be a reproach, but will assuredly be followed eventually by a national chastisement and humiliation.

They therefore respectfully but earnestly request that the Indians may be protected in the quiet and peaceful possession of their lands, and the enjoyment of all their rights.

UNRIVALLED LITERARY PREMIUMS.

On Saturday, the first of May, 1830, the first number of THE ARIEL, Volume Fourth, will be issued from the press, improved and beautified in every respect, as far as a liberal expenditure of money can enhance the attractions of a literary publication.

In commencing the Fourth Volume of THE ARIEL, the Editor confidently expects, from the many improvements to be made, that an increased patronage will be extended towards it. Heretofore it has been liberally extended—now, the inducements to increase that support will be infinitely greater.

THE ARIEL is exclusively a literary publication. It is published every other Saturday, on paper of the finest quality, each number containing eight pages of imperial quarto, (expressly adapted for binding), with four columns on a page. Its contents consist of the choicest literary brilliants from the standard English Magazines and new publications, as Tales, Essays, Poetry, Biography, History, Reviews, Sketches of Life and Character, Anecdotes, and the most amusing Miscellany which can be gleaned by carefully inspecting the Foreign and American publications of known and acknowledged merit. In addition to this, nearly four pages of each number consist of original matter, written exclusively for THE ARIEL, being Notices of New Publications, Poetry, Reviews, Tales, Communications, and matter from the Editor's pen—without mingling in the smallest degree in religious or political controversy.

To enhance the value of an imperial quarto sheet thus filled, eight elegant copperplate engravings have been added annually, appearing in every third number of the work. The price of subscription has been, and will continue to be \$1.50 a year, in advance.

The improvements to be made in the Fourth Volume are these:—Entirely new type will be procured, with paper of the most superior quality; and instead of only eight engravings annually, the new Volume will contain twelve. The whole will be

copperplate engravings, executed in beautiful style, and procured expressly for THE ARIEL. Thus, at the close of the year, a volume will be furnished, suitable for the parlor or the toilet, stored with the most valuable literary brilliants of the day, to which a reference may always be made with the certainty of still finding something, which, even if old, will be pleasing.

As the expense of introducing these improvements will be very great, and can only be compensated by an increase of patronage, the Editor offers the following

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

Any person who will procure sixty subscribers to THE ARIEL, and remit the subscription money in advance to the Editor, shall receive a copy of the *Waverley Novels*, complete in 45 volumes, illustrated by 45 splendid engravings, and warranted to be perfect—together with a copy of THE ARIEL.

Any person who will procure twenty-three subscribers, and remit \$35 in payment therefor, shall receive a copy of Hume, Smollett and Bisset's *History of England*, in nine royal octavo volumes, illustrated by 9 fine engravings—and THE ARIEL.

Any person who will procure ten subscribers, and remit the subscription, shall receive a copy of the *Remember Me* for 1829, containing 8 fine engravings, and a copy of *The Pearl* for 1829, containing 7 engravings—together with THE ARIEL.

The above works are warranted perfect in every respect, and are published by well-known booksellers. The Editor is prepared to supply any demand that may be made for them. He will deliver them to the successful competitors, free of cost, in Pittsburg, Baltimore, New York, Boston, Richmond, and at his own office. Competitors must say where they wish their copies delivered, and a written order will be forwarded them for the same: as no more copies will be sent to any place than are ordered. It is necessary that all orders for THE ARIEL be received by the first of May.

For three years past THE ARIEL has been supported by 4000 subscribers, to whom the Editor appeals for the fidelity with which all his promises have been fulfilled. He stakes his reputation that the Fourth Volume shall equal the promises above made, and that the premiums offered shall be satisfactory to those entitled to receive them. Gentlemen disposed to compete for any of the above valuable works, shall, on application to the Editor, (if by letter, post paid) be furnished with a specimen of THE ARIEL, and its embellishments, for exhibition among their friends. The premiums will be delivered at the above named places, or sent in any way as directed, but in that case, at the risk of whoever so orders them. Address

EDMUND MORRIS,

Jan. 1830. 95, Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

If those Editors to whom this paper is sent will insert the above once in two weeks, until the first of May, the favor will be reciprocated whenever demanded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter from Arkansas Territory, containing a list of 80 subscribers and THE CASH, has arrived with unviolated seals, which is something, considering the present STATE OF THE ROADS.

The verses on the *Eolina* are destitute of HARMONY.

The greatest obligation we can confer on "S. O." is to suppress his production.

The correspondence between X. and Y. is incomprehensible. It may be wit at Washington, or excite a smile at New York; but it has a very grave face in Philadelphia.

A correspondent sends us an account of a late duel which was not fought. We cannot trouble ourselves with private quarrels till we have convinced the Chronicle that its Editor resembles the character of Dr. Dodsley, as recorded in his epitaph—

"Who, as an author, raised himself, without a learned education, much above what could have been expected."

Coal.—The reported discovery of a Coal Mine at Reamstown, in Lancaster county, has turned out to be little more than rumor. We have conversed with a gentleman from the neighborhood, who says the mine about which so much has been said, is merely the shaft of an old one, opened fifteen years ago, the quality of the coal found being so inferior as to make it no object to work the mine. The Columbia Courier now informs us that Coal has been discovered at Bainbridge, on the Susquehanna, and in the same county. It is supposed the veins are large.

That Coal has been discovered in Lancaster county, cannot be doubted; but it should not be matter of surprise. There is coal every where in Pennsylvania. Our western counties abound with it, and those around our city are equally prolific. It was turned up in Doyestown a year or two ago, in digging a well, and in the lower end of Bucks county it has been repeatedly discovered, and is believed to exist in large bodies. In Middletown township there is a farm which is known to contain bituminous Coal. When the forefather of the present owner took the land from William Penn, he dug for Coal, assisted by a professed miner from Cornwall. They struck a vein of bitumen, whereupon an agreement was entered into between the owner and the miner, that the profits of all coal mines found on that farm should be mutually divided. The miner, on digging deeper, found the vein too thin to be of any value, and sunk another shaft in a different place. He again struck the vein, and with like success. In the end, he told the owner that he could strike upon that vein of Coal as often as he attempted it, though he might not discover the main body until after many trials had been made. On four different occasions, he struck the vein; but each time finding but a small stratum, the proprietor, tired of the expense and disappointment, relinquished any further attempts. The shafts then sunk are still to be seen, and small quantities of Coal may yet be picked out. A gentleman of this city has seen Coal in the banks of Chester Creek; and another individual, of humble circumstances, but industrious habits, is laboring night and day, in order to save three hundred dollars, with which he means to buy a small lot of land within six miles of Philadelphia, in which he has already discovered an extensive Coal mine.

The cry is now for Pottsville and the Schuylkill mines—though our neighbor of the Village Record is laboring hard to turn the eyes of speculators to the Coal beds of Wyoming—and 'tis well in him, considering how clever it would be for some people if they rose in value like the Schuylkill beds. But there is no need to go to these new lands of promise for that mineral which has in reality become more valuable than all the gold of Carolina. Anthracite exists within our very borders. We have no manner of doubt that many who now read this paragraph, will live to burn Coal from mines within an hour's ride of Philadelphia. Hitherto, the pursuit has been conducted by mere accident. Speculators stumble upon a mine, not by means of scientific knowledge, but from the previous blundering discovery of its proprietor. The lights of science which burn so brilliantly in England, should be transferred to this country. There are skillful workmen in the English Coal mines, whose whole lives have been spent in bringing it to light. A few of these men should be brought to Philadelphia, and told to strike a shaft into a Coal mine in our very county, and it would be done with the utmost readiness.

It may be safely asserted that the introduction of Coal into general use, has made every family who use it one thousand dollars richer, as the saving in a year amounts to fifty dollars, or the

interest of the sum above mentioned. A respectable housekeeper informs us that by an accurate calculation he saves more than fifty dollars; but taking this as the average, it forms an important saving to the individuals who live on limited incomes and salaries. When Coal is sold at three dollars per ton, as we have no doubt it will be, the economy will be still more felt. Our state will long feel the energy and marrow which is imparted from the rapid extension of this branch of her trade, and we rejoice that our legislators have determined upon the impropriety of laying a tax on this important item.

Burlington.—A gentleman from this ancient city, writes us that we were in error in saying that there are no men in the place—he can count six or seven himself, and candidly believes there are eight, if not more. We are glad to hear it, for we really thought the place was deserted except by spinsters. He states, moreover, that there has been a marriage in that place since his memory, and it is currently reported there will be one or more in the course of the present year, and that all the parties are residents! We are glad to hear that too, and wish the young people all imaginable happiness.

The article in another column entitled "My First Communication," though possessing no particular interest, yet displays considerable ingenuity for a writer so juvenile and so unpractised as we know the author to be. Averse as we are, in general, to encouraging the sickly effusions of every unfledged scribbler, by whose wholesale productions we are constantly inundated, there are circumstances, as in this case, which justify a departure from such a rule. Of all kinds of writing most difficult to juvenile pens, we consider that of producing a sensible Essay; because, having no facts to lean upon, or incidents to describe, the mind is left entirely to its own resources and experience; and as youth is the season of inexperience, hence the frequent failures which attend their efforts. On the other hand, if a juvenile writer succeed in producing a reputable, or even tolerably respectable Essay, his hopes of ultimately arriving at some degree of reputation, may not be unreasonably indulged. It is the very difficulty of becoming a good Essayist which places the Spectator, the Rambler, and other works of that order, so infinitely above the common run of books, and causes them to survive from century to century, while crowds of other works, having mere facts and fancy for their foundation, are constantly perishing around them. Yet, if Essay-writing should not be encouraged in a young author, his attempts in the less difficult path of mere narrative, or story-telling, should not be discouraged; because a frequent and judicious exercise of his powers on the latter, will eventually, if he have any abilities at all, qualify him to shine in the former. Our advice, therefore, would be, for our young correspondent to practice on the most commonplace subjects, which require no further qualifications than a good command of appropriate language. Let him condense some biographical sketch, or narrate some incident which has fallen directly under his own observation; and frequent practice in these branches will lead to great proficiency, if, as we said before, there be any real ability in the case. These remarks may apply to many correspondents whose communications have not been published, and who, though possessing some talent, have commenced their career in the wrong way, and have consequently failed in the outset.

The sketch of "Dining with a Prince," is from the pen of Dr. Green, the indefatigable and witty Editor of the New York Constellation. When

we first read the article, we thought it pleasant and humorous, as it really is; but when we come to read it over the second or third time, (as we do every thing before our sheet is issued) some of its freshness was lost in the operation. Yet to our readers who have not yet seen it, we make no doubt of its being an agreeable article. Dr. Green is certainly the best hand at a good story in the country—and he seems to have an inexhaustible stock of them.

We have laughed over the hero of "Don't Break it, Jos-e," and admire the ready talent of its author. The piece has had a wonderful run among the newspapers, and by this time must be nearly out of breath.

The "Selections from the Newspapers" is one of the best specimens of cross-readings we have seen lately; and the Epitaphs furnished by a correspondent are worth a year's subscription. We beseech him not to forget us.

The last number of the Southern Review contains an able notice of Mr. McNish's Anatomy of Drunkenness. The writer after investigating the subject, inclines to the belief that the best method of curing drunkenness, is to discontinue the use of liquor all at once, and not parley or make a truce with his habit, to abstain at once from the fatal poison, furnishing in its stead refreshing stimulants, as coffee, tea, and nourishing diet, with agreeable and constant occupation of the mind. It is stated that "in the United States there are two hundred thousand paupers, supported at an annual expense of ten millions of dollars! The reports of hospitals, penitentiaries, and almshouses, justify the statement that three fourths, or one hundred and fifty thousand of these miserable beings were reduced to pauperism by the single vice of intemperance. Thirty thousand persons, it is estimated, are annually sent to an untimely grave by the agency of this vice, whilst the mortality by the sword, during the last war, did not cost the country more than four hundred and fifty per annum on an average." Truly, it was high time drunkenness was made unfashionable, and regular tipplers driven from respectable society. Much has been done, but, we are convinced much more remains to be accomplished. The French, who are rarely intoxicated, substitute loaf sugar and water as a common beverage—we propose it as a substitute, to the temperance societies—on trial we have found it nourishing and agreeable. The French carry the sugar about in their pockets as we do tobacco, and thus have it always ready.

A Jumping Newspaper.—The Wilmington N. C. Liberalist, is to be removed to Pawtucket, R. I. This is a pretty considerable sort of a jump.

The Cherokees.—The population &c. of the Cherokee nation as it was in 1824, appears from the following table prepared in that year, since which it is said there has been a rapid increase in all the items.

"18 schools; 314 scholars; 36 grist mills; 13 saw mills; 762 looms; 2486 spinning wheels; 172 wagons; 2923 ploughs; 7683 horses; 22,531 neat cattle; 46,732 hogs; 2566 sheep; 62 blacksmiths; 9 stores.

"In the nation there are public roads in all directions, convenient ferries and houses of entertainment; in regard to the latter it is acknowledged by travellers that they are as comfortable as the public houses in new states, and superior to those of the immediate frontiers. The number of professors of religion is very large, considering the population of the nation and the infant state of the church.

Lawyers.—In the State of New York alone, there are 1750 lawyers.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of this paper, dated WAYNESBORO, Franklin Co. Pa. March 3.

"Do not be surprised, when I inform you that the gold mania has found its way into our country. Yes, our mountains, hills, and valleys, are searched with determined vigor and untiring perseverance. Stones and fossils of every description are brought to our village, all containing minerals of some kind. I have just been informed that new discoveries have been made, which for fairness and beauty excel all the rest—they consist of large quantities of block-tin, lead, and something called silver, with many other metallic substances.

"Much excitement prevails here on this subject, and also on the Antimasonic and Sunday Mail questions. Between these three, conversation never flags; and we enliven our village yet more, one of our citizens is engaged in constructing a wagon which he intends to run hence to Baltimore, and back again, in one day. The success of the experiment has not yet been tested; it is to work with a treadle."

It is the easiest thing in the world for gentlemen, when writing to us on business, to throw in all the news of their respective neighborhood; as few subjects of newspaper information are more interesting than such local information as is given above. We thank our intelligent and obliging friend for being so thoughtful. He would make a capital Editor for Waynesboro, and would no doubt study to communicate further information of his neighborhood—a task which most of those who are Editors of village papers, think altogether beneath their notice.

Connecticut.—The actors and rope dancers who play for a livelihood, have a hard time of it whenever they shew their noses in Connecticut. The laws of the state, however, do not appear to forbid shooting, as the annexed advertisement in a New Haven paper will shew—

"To SPORTSMEN.—Mammoth Ox to be shot for at the Village Hotel, in the town of Canton, on Wednesday, the 10th of March. Said Ox is but 7 years old, has been stall fed two years, and is adjudged to weigh 3000 pounds. All who are fond of good Beef are invited to call and judge for themselves. Distance 25 rods, at a nine inch target. Best shot wins the Ox.

Number of Tickets 75. Price 2 dollars per Ticket. Three competent judges will be chosen to decide the shots. COBB & BARBER."

The above is equal in enormity to horse racing at least; but the good people no doubt Connect-a-cut with this fat ox-shooting.

Warmth.—The New York Courier gives the annexed account of a visit to a new range of buildings on a construction which, we think, might be advantageously introduced in this city;

"At the request of Mr. Joseph Jennings we called a few days since to examine the construction of a block of houses lately erected by him on the corner of Sixth-street and Sixth Avenue. These houses are warmed by an entire new process, having but one fire-place in each house, and that one in the kitchen. We found the thermometer in each room ranging at about 65°, and are satisfied that the improvement introduced by Mr. Jennings is one which will prove beneficial to the health of the occupants of his houses, and at the same time save about three-fourths of the annual expense of fuel."

A Charleston paper remarks that there are said to be at least twelve hundred persons engaged in hunting gold, at this time in the Cherokee Nation; and it is said that although they lose much by their clumsy manner of procuring and washing it, they nevertheless contrive to make on an average five dollars a day.

Mr. H. A. Sharp will act as Agent for his paper at Chagrin, Ohio, and Mr. William Totten for Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

LITERARY.

Moore's Life of Byron.—There is so much good sense in the following critique from the pen of the Editor of the National Gazette, that we are tempted to transfer it to our columns. From what we have seen of the work, we agree with him entirely. He says:—"The London Editors warmly commend the first volume of Moore's Life of Lord Byron, which alone has appeared. It seems to us probable they merely looked into the book, before they expressed an opinion. We have read the London quarto throughout with close attention. As a literary effort, it will not augment the reputation of the author; nor will it exalt him as a moralist. We have not found in the mass of its contents, evidence in favor of Lord Byron's memory; on the contrary, we think that his conduct and sentiments generally, as here disclosed, must produce additional disgust in every sound heart and understanding. Moore glosses, palliates, suppresses, conjectures; tasks his ingenuity to excuse and varnish the excesses and reckless profligacy of his friend; while he pays fulsome tribute to his own vanity in the eulogies of Lord Byron on himself, that are thickly sown in the correspondence which forms a considerable part of the volume. Though we could not admit that the author has manifested particular talent in this biography, we should readily acknowledge that Byron's letters and diary possess irresistible interest, from the characters of the persons, and the nature of the topics, to which he refers, and from the insight which they afford into the recesses of his own baleful spirit, and the secret ferment of those fierce passions of which he was the sport and victim. The new matter collected by Moore, is not calculated to enhance that opinion of the poet's genius and scholarship, which his works inspire. Judging by these, we estimated his attainments at a higher rate than we now do; but it may not be altogether just to decide upon this point, or upon Moore's execution of his task, until the whole biography be extant."

"Byron's residence in Italy, and his expedition to Greece, are eras of his life, with which many remarkable letters and curious details must be connected. The mercenary motives of his marriage are sufficiently explained in the first volume; the causes of the rupture between him and his unexceptionable wife, do not appear to have been exactly known to the author, or have been studiously obscured. Moore cites from memory, in order to remove from the husband as much blame as possible, passages of those autobiographical Memoirs, which were sent him from Italy or Greece, and which he surrendered to the flames. We are surprised at the boldness of this reference; he sold or sacrificed the Memoirs to the relatives of his friend, and it may be supposed, to save his personal fame from utter wreck: what was thus used, should not have been the subject of even an allusion capable of being applied to the disadvantage of other parties."

"The example of Byron, so splendidly gifted so prematurely distinguished, so wildly improvident, so desperately vicious, so intensely miserable, teems with striking and salutary lessons, which, thus far, the spurious philosophy, elaborate extenuation, selfish partiality, and timid or treacherous reserve of Moore, have a tendency to counteract. Nevertheless, whoever peruses the book with unadulterated moral sense and temperate fancy, without prepossession or absorbing admiration for poetical abilities and triumphs, will clearly see and deeply feel those lessons. "Childe Harold" was wholly devoid of the principles which arm the soul for prosperous or adverse fortune; he could be deliberately base and ruthlessly cruel; he was a for-

ward, depraved, wolfish boy; a bad son; a brutal husband; a precocious debauchee; a bitter misanthrope; a headlong prodigal; a drunkard, and an infidel—indeed, usually, an absolute madman. This is the true sum or substance of Moore's revelations."

The London Literary Gazette says the publishing season has now fairly arrived. Heretofore, and in the neighborhood of Christmas, there was nothing to keep London alive, except the Annuals, which having had their day, gave place to the Venetian Bracelet, by Miss Landon, just as all the world was crying out against the insipid dullness of the former. The Bracelet having been thoroughly thumbed by the public and the reviewers, expectation is on tiptoe for a glimpse at the thousand and one new books already announced as in preparation, or ready to be issued. Among these is a Romance by Sir Walter Scott, the name of which is not yet mentioned, but whose hero is "the good Sir James Douglas." Sir Walter's pen is at work, and with unabated activity, on subjects of different and opposite characters, at the same time. He is now producing his new Romance, writing for the next year's Annuals, (two occupations which suit him admirably, as they allow to him the free play of his rich and gorgeous fancy,) and condensing a History of Scotland for the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, whose Editor expressly prohibits him indulging at all in fanciful writing, but ties him down to mere facts, and those dull and prosing details which the merest penny-a-line reporter could furnish with quite as much effect. For the task thus assigned him, the London critics are loud in their censures of the Editor, and even go so far as to say that Sir Walter is wholly unfitted for the part, considering the restrictions coupled with it, and that his future labors in the same line of writing will be as complete and total failures as are those already published.

An outcry is raised among our literati, and responded to in other places, concerning Mr. Pelby's Prize Tragedy. Two demands are made as indispensable, and not to be got over. The first is, that the names of those who are judges, be published, as some are apprehensive that the genius of the Usurper will be the presiding judge; and the second, that the cash be deposited in bank before the choice is made.

True Blue.—This is the title of a new paper—we believe it will not bear the epithet newspaper, which hails from Washington. Its character we are not yet prepared to report; the following, however, deplores a state of things which has already happened in our city.

"One theatre can with difficulty be supported in Washington, and no less than two are claiming patronage! Like a barrel, the city is already tapped at both ends by the rival candidates; and we should not be surprised, if, ere long, a third should apply his lips to the bung-hole."

The *Register of Pennsylvania*, published in this city by Mr. Hazard, at \$5 a year, is a weekly sheet in whose favor the highest encomiums have been drawn forth from many of the leading periodicals of the country. Private testimony is abundant in praise of its great usefulness, and the persevering industry and ability of the Editor. It is emphatically a record of all that passes in the state of Pennsylvania—of the past, the present, and for the future. The statistical tables given so often by Mr. Hazard, are procured at a cost of time and patient labor of which most readers have no just idea. Of all works now in course of publication, this of Mr. Hazard should be patronized by every reading man in the state. Its typographical execution is neat, and the amount of matter it contains is much larger than any single sheet of this paper.

THEATRICAL.

Three Theatres.—"Three Theatres in Philadelphia," said a country cousin the other day, "and season tickets only from ten to fifteen dollars! Why I wonder you don't take one to each." Little did our friend know that he was projecting the very plan to destroy all the illusion, and all the pleasure of a Theatrical performance—a melancholy fact it is, however, and one which has many now living to attest to its truth. With what delight do we remember the feelings we experienced in childhood, on a visit to the Theatre—it was a real treat, and nothing could equal the excitement of finding oneself fairly seated at our old managers, Warren and Wood's mansion in Chesnut street. Play-goers were then content with one Theatre, where performances only took place at most four times in a week, so that the actors did not live in a constant bustle, and had more time to prepare for their parts. We, the play-goers, had not half the chance of a surfeit which we now possess, and (we begin fairly to talk like an old man,) the whole thing was better and more piquant. We had then Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth, but once or twice a winter, and we cared less about the respective merits of Mr. so and so, in paying more attention to the beauties of the author; and then—but we forget where we were—oh! fairly seated at Warren & Wood's in our younger days—the portentous green curtain, on which we were wont to gaze with expecting wonderment, while waiting with impatience for the moment that should reveal the hidden scenes. Then there was the multitude of company; the lights of the house; the painting, gilding, and the grand glass chandelier, which ever and anon appeared as if coming down upon the heads of the pit; all to our youthful eyes seemed gorgeous magnificence—the realization of the scenes of the Arabian Nights, and we indulged in the poetry of the thought that it was all our own palace, and felt, for the time, really Aladdin, who with our "wonderful lamp" of half a dollar, had the power of calling up all this enchantment. Then, too, when the prompter's bell sent forth its silver accents, and was succeeded by the agitation of the green curtain, as it folded itself up, apparently by its own voluntary motion, disclosing the scene behind—our youthful heart would bound at the sight of castles and rocks, and woods and cataracts, and trees, spread forth in mimic beauty. The heroes and kings of gorgeous tragedy went sweeping by. We loved with Romeo—wept with Juliet, and listened with mingled feelings to the meaning madness of the Danish prince, or gave to Lear the tribute of a sob, as the poor old man bemoaned his fate amidst "the peltings of the pitiless storm." But it is one of the sad disadvantages of increasing years, that familiarity with the scenes and pleasures of youth takes away their sweetest bloom—the prompter's bell, as we grow older, is no longer delightful—the mystery of the green curtain has faded away, and a knowledge of the weaknesses, and mayhap the habits of the actor, have dispelled the illusion that he is really the hero he personates—the scenery has become familiar, and we see its defects—we learn to compare one hero with another, and we have seen Romeo, and Juliet, and Hamlet, and Ophelia "strut their hour upon the stage" so often, that the very sameness is displeasing. We have really grown old enough never to choose the society of a man who has passed the age of thirty-five, and who can still find constant amusement in a theatre—we pronounce such to be void of mind, and with faculties totally unfit for our standard of cultivation. We do not say that men beyond that age who ever visit a theatre, are such—far otherwise. But we allude to those who, winter after winter, season in, and

season out, frequent the orchestra, the boxes or the pit. We have no fellowship for them, and never look upon them otherwise than as mere bodies without heads. Some people go to the play from one cause and some from another—very few will acknowledge their object is merely to sit on a bench—many, we believe, go to get the worth of their money; for they belong to that class of holders of "stock," who get no other dividends than pasteboards, paint and fiddling. Many make going to see a play an excuse for passing away a portion of time which they would not otherwise know how to occupy;—and when we see a married man there nightly, it is fair to conclude he is not over agreeably entertained at home, else would he not forego the home-bred delights, and fire-side enjoyments for tinsel and glare. Some go to meet their friends; others for less laudible meetings with "fair mischiefs;" some to clap, and others to hiss—these go to applaud, and they to damn—some few, perhaps, go out of pure love for dramatic entertainments, and a multitude merely "pour passer le temps"—none can be gratified to the extent which such amusements have the power of affording, who do not banish from the mind all disposition to find fault and cavil, by looking on the golden side of the shield, by encouraging that spirit which softens down the harsh, and elevates, or brings into distinct points of view, the mild and lovely features of what we see spread around us. We go rarely to the theatre, and then purposely for a recreation; but whenever possible, we keep to the resolution from the moment of entering the pit-door or box-lobby, not to suffer any thing to divert us from the object, and it is only by cherishing this feeling, that those who expect enjoyment can hope to receive it. If they are critics, like one whom we have once or twice taken to task, and have a preference for Mrs. B— because she is a neighbor, and consequently disparage all other female performers, looking with a jaundiced eye on what is passing, and even go so far as to call *White* black, and black white; then we say they have gone too often to the play, and had better stay in their offices, to count the doubloons and calculate treble interest.

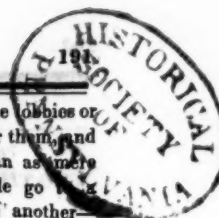
With a determination, however, of seeing things as they were, we put on our eye glass last Monday, and tramped off for Mr. White's benefit. This young gentleman has continued to rise in the estimation of the public, and we venture to say there was but one person present who did not give him as much credit for his performance as they ever gave to Forrest. We sat out the whole play of Brutus, and were truly gratified with Mr. W.—in the last scene, where he condemns his son to death, he was particularly effective. When the curtain finally dropped, there was a most vociferous cry for *White-White*, which nothing but the appearance of the Manager appeased. Mr. Rowbotham came forward, and apologised for the hero of the piece, whose late exertion unfitted him to make an extempore speech, and announced a negotiation as going forward for his re-engagement; this was received by a large audience with shouts of applause.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not love pick-pockets any more than people who filch our paper without pay. "S. T." shall shortly be indicted "for making himself merry at other people's expense."

Stanzas on "Despair" are written too hastily—a fault which we have noticed before as belonging to their author.

We cannot even listen to the absurd proposal of "A Man of the World."



HUMOROUS.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO THE GENERAL COURT.

I guess you won't be a little struck up when you find that I'm in Boston. I went up to the State House to see what was going on there; but I thought I'd get off my apple sauce on my way—and seeing a sign of old clothes bartered, I stepped in and made a trade, and got a whole suit of superfine black broad cloth from top to toe, for a firkin of apple sauce (which didn't cost me much I guess at home.) Accordingly I rigged myself up in the new suit, and you'd hardly know me. I didn't like the set of the shoulders, they were so dreadful puckery; but the man said that was all right. I guess he'll find the apple sauce full as puckery when he gets down into it—but that's between ourselves. When I got up to the State House I found them at work on the rail road—busy enough I can tell you—they got a part of it made already. I found most all the folks kept their hats on except the man who was talking out loud and the man he was talking to—all the rest seemed busy about their own concerns. As I didn't see any body to talk to, I kept my hat on and took a seat, I look'd around to see what was going on. I hadn't been comfortably fixed there long before I saw a slick-headed sharp-eyed little man, who seemed to have the principal management of the folks, looking at me pretty sharp. Are you a member? says he—sartain says I—how long have you taken your seat? says he. About ten minutes, says I. Are you qualified? says he. I guess not, says I. And then he left me. But he soon returned and said it was proper for me to be qualified before I took a seat, and I must go before the Governor! By Jink! I never felt so before in all my born days. As good luck would have it he was beckoned to come to a man at the desk, and as soon as his back was turned I give him the slip. Just as I was going off, the gentleman who bought my turkies took hold of my arm, and I was afraid at first that he was going to carry me to the Governor.—How long have you been in the house? says he. Says I, I hav'nt been here long. Then says he in a very pleasant way, a few of your brother members are to take pot-luck with me to-day, and I should be happy to have you join them. Says I, yes, and thank ye too. How long before you'll want me, says I. At three o'clock, says he, and gave me a piece of paste board with his name on it—and the name of the street, and the number of his house, and said that would show me the way. After strolling round and seeing a great many things about the State House, I went into the street they call Beacon street, and my stars! what swarms of woman folks I saw all drest up as if they were going to meeting. You can tell Cousin Polly Sandburn, who you know is no pink stern, that she needn't take on so about not being genteel in her shapes—for the genteel ladies here beat her as to size all hollow. I don't believe one of 'em could get into our fore door—and as for their arms—I shouldn't want better measure for a bushel of meal than one of their sleeves could hold—I took out the piece of paste board and began to enquire my way, and got along completely, and found the number the first time—but the door was locked, and there was no knocker, and I thump with my whip handle, but nobody come. And says I to a man going by, don't nobody live here, and says he yes. Well how do you get in? Why, says he, ring, and says I ring what? And says he, the bell. And says I where's the rope? And says he pull that little brass nub: and so I gave it a twitch, and I'm sure a bell did ring: and

who do you think opened the door with a white apron before him? you could not guess for a week—so I'll tell you. It was Stephen Furlong, who kept district school last winter, for 5 dollars a month, and kept bachelor's hall in aunt Jerusha's tother end of the old house. We were considerably struck up at first, both of us; and when he found I was a going to eat dinner with Mr. —, and the General Court, he thought it queer kind of doings—but says he, I guess it will be as well for both of us not to know each other a bit more than we can help. And says I with a wink, you're half, right and in I went.

Mr. has about as nimble a tongue as you ever heard, and could say ten words to my one, and I had nothing to do in the way of making talk. I heard a ringing, and Stephen was busy opening the door and letting in the General Court, who all had their hats off, and looking pretty scrumsious, you may depend. I didn't see but I could stand alongside 'em without disparagement, except to my boots, which had just got a lick of beeswax and tallow. All at once two doors flew away from each other right into the wall, and what did I see but one of the grandest thanksgiving dinners that you ever laid your eyes on—and lights on the table, and gold lamps over head—the window shutters closed—I guess more than one of us started at first; but we soon found the way to our mouths—I made Stephen tend to me pretty sharp, and he got my plate filled three or four times with soup, which beat all I ever tasted. There was considerable talk about stock and manufactories, liberties, and remedies; and a great loss on stock. I thought this a good chance for me to put in a word—for I calculated I knew as much about raising stock and keeping over as any of 'em.—Says I to Mr. —, there's one thing I've always observed in experience in stock—just as sure as you try to keep over more stock than you have fodder to carry them well into April, one half will die on your hands to a sartinty—and there's no remedy for it—I've tried it out and out, and there's no law that can make a ton of hay keep over ten cows, unless you have more potatoes and carrots than you can throw a stone at. This made some of the folks stare who didn't know much about stock—and Steve give me a jog, as much as to say keep quiet. He thought I was getting into a quogmire, and soon after giving me a wink, got me out of the room.

MEMORY.—BY THE AUTHOR OF LILIAN.

Stand on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee,
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee:
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow:
And dream, while the chill sea foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower.
Till hope's most cherish'd spell
Has lost its cheering power;
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the bonied lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed forever;
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December;
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
"Tis pleasant to remember!"



THE OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

PATRIOTISM.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.—Collins.

If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it, the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope will forward it; and then, they who persist in opposing this mighty current of human affairs, will appear to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.—Burke.

POETS.

It is not poetry that makes men poor,
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been seized with a poetic itch;
Had loved their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only 't avoid being idle, set up wit!—Hudibras.

ANOTHER.

Of those few fools who with ill stars are curst,
Line-scribbling fools, call'd poets, are the worst;
For they're a set of fools which fortune makes,
And after she has made them fools, forsakes.
Congreve.

TIME.—An Italian philosopher expresses in his motto, that time was his estate; an estate indeed which will prove nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and generally satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.—Rambler.

MODESTY.

Methinks the rose-bud
Is the very emblem of a maid;
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes; when the north comes
Rude and impatient, then like elasticity [near her,
She locks her beauties in her bud again;
And leaves him to base briars.—Shakespeare.

ANOTHER.

As lamps burn silent, with unobscured light,
So modest ease in beauty shines more bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief, does it all.
A. Hill.

"There is," said Lord Chatham, "one plain maxim to which I have invariably adhered through life; that, in every question in which my liberty or my property was concerned, I should consult, and be determined by, the dictates of common sense. I confess (he added) that I am apt to mistrust the refinement of learning, because I have seen the ablest and most learned men equally liable to deceive themselves and mislead others. The condition of human nature would be lamentable, indeed, if nothing less than the greatest learning and talents, which fall to the share of so small a number of men, were sufficient to direct our judgment and our conduct. But Providence has taken better care of our happiness, and given us, in the simplicity of common sense, a rule for our direction by which we shall never be misled."

ORATORS.

And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most who have the least to say;
Your daily speakers have the curse
To plead their causes down to worse:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look the more they paint.
Prior's Alma.

FASHION.—Fashion is for the most part nothing but the ostentation of riches.—Locke.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.—Locke.

LAW.

Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Pope.

When thou art tempted to throw a stone in anger,
try if thou canst pick it up without crooking thy body; if not, stop thy hand.—Dilwyn.

LIFE.

To contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colors drest;
Brushed by the hand of rough mischance;
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest!
Gray's Spring.

LAW.—A Spanish proverb says, that the Jews ruin themselves at their passover, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians in their law-suits.

PROVIDENCE.

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord harmony not understood,
All partial evil universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.—Pope.

PERSEVERANCE.—Great works are performed, not by strength, but perseverance; yonder palace was raised by single stones, yet you see its height and spaciousness. He that shall walk with vigor three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe.—Rasselas.

VALUE OF OPPORTUNITY.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.
Shakespeare.

FRIENDSHIPS.—Dr. Johnson, at a late period of his life, observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair."

ABSENCE.

Every moment
I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom
Moans like a tender infant in its cradle,
Whose nurse had left it.—Venice Preserved.

SILENCE.—Zeno, of all virtues, made his choice of silence; for by it, said he, I hear other men's imperfections and conceal my own.—Tillotson.

A COXCOMB.

He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pounce-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose: and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.—Shakespeare.

Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; and he whose real wants are supplied, must admit those of fancy.—Johnson's Rasselas.

A FOP.

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.—Pope.

ANOTHER.

Absence of mind Brabantio turns his fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And makes a memorandum to forget.—Young.

PUBLISHED

EVERY OTHER SATURDAY,
BY EDMUND MORRIS,
AT THE OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN,
No. 95 1/2 CHESTNUT STREET, UPSTAIRS,
PHILADELPHIA.
Price, \$1.50 yearly—Payable in advance.

at
at
y

ws
ci

ed.
see
ht
or
see
18.

of
f a
ses
ne.
re-

ice
n's

i

t
on:
mit

27

s,

